No purpoſe of his remoue.

Kent. Hayle to thee noble maiſter.

Lear. How, mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?

Foole. Ha ha, looke he weares crewell garters,
Horſes are tide by the heeles, dogges and beares
Byt'h necke, munkies bit'h loynes, and men
Byt'h legges; when a mans ouer luſty at legs,
Then he weares wooden neatherſtockes.

Lear. Whats he, that hath ſo much thy place miſtooke to ſet thee here?

Kent. It is both he and ſhee, your ſonne & daugter.

Lear. No. *Kent.* Yes.

Lear. No I ſay, *Kent.* I ſay yea.

Lear. No no, they would not. *Kent.* Yes they haue.

Lear. By *Iupiter* I ſweare no, they durſt not do't;
They would not, could not do't, tis worſe then murder
To doe vpon reſpect ſuch violent outrage;
Reſolue me with all modeſt haſt, which way
Thou may'ſt deſerue, or they purpoſe this vſage
Coming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your highnes letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place that ſhewed
My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poſt,
Stewd in his haſt, halfe breathles, panting forth
From *Gonorill* his miſtris, ſalutations,
Deliuered letters ſpite of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read, on whoſe contents
They ſummond vp their men, ſtraight tooke horſe,
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leaſure
Of their anſwere; gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting here the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceau'd had poyſon'd mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſawcily againſt your Highnes,
Hauing more man then wit about me drew,
He raiſed the houſe with loud and coward cries,
Your ſonne and daughter found this treſpas worth

This

This ſhame which here it ſuffe
Lear. O how this mother ſ
Hiſterica paſſio downe thou cli
Thy element's below; where is
Kent. With the Earle ſir wit
Lear. Follow me not, ſtay th
Knight. Made you no more o
Kent. No; how chance the K
Foole. And thou hadſt beene
on, thou ha'dſt well deſerued i
Kent. Why foole?
Foole. Weele ſet thee to ſch
no labouring in the winter; all
their eyes, but blind men; and
can ſmell him thats ſtincking
wheele runs downe a hill, leaſt
ing it, but the great one that go
after; when a wiſe man giues th
againe; I would haue none bu
giues it.
That Sir that ſerues for gaine
And followes but for forme
Will packe when it begin to
And leaue thee in the ſtorme
But I will tarie, the foole wi
And let the wiſe man flie:
The knaue turnes foole that
The foole no knaue perdy.
Kent. Where learnt you this
Foole. Not in the ſtockes.

Enter Le

Lear. Denie to ſpeake with
They traueled hard to night; m
I the Images of reuolt and flyin
Fetch mee a better anſwere.
Gloſt. My deere Lord, you
Duke, how vnremoueable and
Lear. Veng eance, death, plagu

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